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A Distich

FOR

Disturbed Districts

BY

MISS SEDGWICK,

AUTHORESS OF

"PEARLS OF THOUGHT STRUNG IN RHYMES, OR HYMNS AND SONGS IN ONE SYLLABLE;"
"ARCTURUS, OR THE BRIGHT STAR IN BOOTEES;" "MODEL NURSERIES, OR A PLEA
FOR THE LITTLE ONES;" "PURE AIR AND PLENTY OF IT."

LONDON :

R. WASHBOURNE, 18A, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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A DISTICH FOR DISTURBED DISTRICTS.

We join the crowd of worshippers,
Enter the narrow door,
We gain the threshold of our church,
Where mingle rich and poor.

How daintily we tread the aisle
And scan the decorations,
Compose our thoughts to breathe a prayer,
Or make our genuflexions.

Compose, alas ! 'tis not the word,
Though a consecrated place ;
Too oft our temple is profaned,
For without is a noisy race.

Thoughtless children cause dismay
By acts grotesque and elfish ;
The organ grinder grinds away,
Encouraged by all that's selfish.

The preacher's voice is drowned in noise,
And midst a hideous din,
The written word comes mingled
With many a word of sin.

Religion is for daily life ;
 For day by day renewed,
 The body craves its sustenance,
 The soul its heavenly food.

Religion is for daily life,
 And Moslems kneel and pray,
 As the sun comes forth to greet them
 At the earliest break of day.

Shall Christians pray less zealously
 Than the Persian, or the Turk,
 Or fail to ask God's blessing
 Upon their daily work ?

The Moslem guards his Temple
 With a reverence profound,
 He puts the sandals off his feet
 E'er he treads on Holy Ground.

In days of yore went Christian Knights
 Unto Jerusalem,
 To wrest the Holy Sepulchre
 From the hands of impious men.

Is this a land less impious ?
 Is this an age less rude ?
 When Christian worshippers are scared
 By ruffians who intrude !

Are the only Heathen, let me ask,
 The dwellers on foreign strands ?
 Are there not Heathen worse than they
 Throughout these British lands ?

Parents, are these your works ?
 Is it thus you train your race ?
 What obedience can you hope for
 Where religion finds no place ?

Remember ! There comes a day to all
 That's dark with tribulation,
 A day when poverty creeps in,
 Or death makes desolation.

'Tis then you'll think with bitterness
 Of many a day gone by;
 The bad examples you have set
 Will cause you many a sigh.

Gladly I turn to gentler themes,
 And chain the listening ear,
 Discords but hurt the outer sense,
 Christians have nought to fear.

We take delight in what we love,
 Where treasures are the heart will cling,
 With songs our choicest flowers are wove,
 No sacrifice in what we bring.

No grudging in the gifts we offer,
 We give and have but one regret,
 We say when Prudence holds us back,
 Peace ! we may be richer yet.

Of volunteers, a cheerful band,
 Composed is our celestial choir,
 For many a voluntary's played
 By hands that would not play for hire.

While some prefer the dismal swamps
 Of cold dull routine,
 Haunts " where angels' visits
 Are few and far between,"

Others find religion
 Where all is shining bright,
 Till their souls like Wymering's altar
 Become one blaze of light.

Our Church is like a garden
 Where seraphs from above
 Are ever wafting incense :
 Our Service one of love.

“What are your principles?” cries one,
 A startling question truly,
 Especially when dictated
 By the rude and the unruly.

“Excuse me, but you must allow
 We live in dangerous times ;
 If right your views, your doctrine sound,
 Well, then—we'll read your rhymes.”

They who have travelled life's dull round
 Must know such talkers are ALL SOUND.

Floating down the stream of time,
 Borne on eternal waves,
 The soul asserts her freedom,
 'Tis liberty she craves.

What would she gain by following out
 The views of those that squint?
 Or in blunting her best arrows
 'Gainst hearts as hard as flint?

The soul's at best a slippery guest
 That will not be controlled ;
 Fluttering here, and settling there,
 By turns she's shy and bold.

Feed her with what food you will,
 Still for herself she caters,
 The vulgarians I have cited
 Are Nature's nutmeg-graters.

The soul is like the butterfly,
 That spreads her gorgeous wings ;
 The soul is like the merry bird
 That mounts, and mounting sings.

She knows her own vocation,
 Her destiny achieves,
 Happier in the world she gains
 Than in the one she leaves.

It is our Holy Mother Church
 Inspires us with her wit,
 For her the blazoned scroll's inscribed
 With texts from Holy Writ.

The autumn fruits, the summer flowers,
 The winter berries all are ours,
 For everything there is a reason,
 We note the changes of the season,
 For everything there is a symbol,
 Proclaiming loud like Miriam's Timbrel
 Whose we are, and whom we serve—
 Churchmen straining every nerve,
 Give us much on which to ponder,
 Lest perchance our thoughts should wander.

With banners gay we decorate,
 Honoring saints with pomp and state ;

They fought their fight whilst here on earth,
 And now we celebrate their worth,—
 Each within his creed intrenches,
 Defying opposition benches ;
 All have their reasons, we have ours,
 None fail to quote the Higher Powers.
 Sympathy is all we ask,
 This gained, the rest's a pleasing task.

Meanwhile, some put their faith in gin,
 And some put their's in beer,
 A fertile source of misery, both,
 And many a bitter tear.

Some eat their bread in thankfulness,
 Whilst others live on strike,
 That is in districts when disturbed,
 For all are not alike.

Some do the best they can for all,
 And shed a blessing round,
 Whilst others idly stand, and stare
 Like cattle in the pound.

Angels tune their golden harps
 To harmonies divine,
 And around their favourite mottoes
 The rose and myrtle twine.

We emulate their peaceful tasks,
 Their happiness we share,
 And when we get a glimpse of Heaven
 We wish that we were there.

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